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MEMOIR

ROBERT F. SKILLINGS

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Robert F. Skillings

To him whose heart rejoices in the Lord,
Each month, each day is vocal with His word.
Within his soul a living fountain springs;
'Neath lowering clouds as in the light, he sings.

ELIZABETH CONVERSE DURGIN.

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MEMOIR

OF

ROBERT F. SKILLINGS

WITH

GENEALOGY AND POEMS

BY

FRANKLIN SKILLINGS

PORTLAND
SMITH & SALE, PRINTERS
1911

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Inv.no.272
CS
71
S627
1911

NOTE.

Believing that justice would not otherwise be done, prompted by filial love and the thought that something should be written, however brief, to record the virtues and worth and to perpetuate the memory of one, who, although never rising above the humble walks of life, yet left the impress of his noble mind and generous, loving heart upon the lives of the people among whom he lived; this work is undertaken with many misgivings as to the ability of the writer to do justice to the subject, partly due to lack of knowledge and the meagre records of facts and incidents pertinent thereto.

The poems and other verses composed by him, the story of whose life is here recorded, appear in an Appendix to the work and are published with the expectant hope that at least some of them may not only give pleasure for a passing moment, but be a lasting source of benefit and blessing to those who may read them.

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MEMOIR.

Robert Franklin Skillings was born on Bangs Island (now Cushing's), October 31st, 1819, and was a direct descendant, in the seventh generation, of Thomas Skillin who is believed to be the immigrant ancestor of the people in this country bearing the name, although it is spelled in several ways. He was the fifth son and child in the family of twelve children born to Simeon and Nancy (Adams) Skillings, and they were the sole occupants of Bangs Island for a long time.

This island and also Peaks Island, which afterward became his home, are part of the territory of the City of Portland, Maine.

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ANCESTRY.

THOMAS SKILLIN.

When the recorded facts and incidents relating to the lives and activities of the people forming a family tree are as limited as they are in this case, it becomes very difficult to write a connected and satisfactory narrative of genealogical history.

In "Notes on the Skillings Family," Vol. 2, by William B. Lapham; we read:—"The immigrant ancestor, who, Felt says, was in Salem prior to 1640, doubtless wrote his name Skellin."

"Thomas Skillin from Salem, was among the early settlers of Gloucester. (Mass.) Savage says as early as 1642. His land was near the ancient burying ground. As early as 1651 he had moved to Falmouth, but had returned and was living in Gloucester in 1658 and that year came back to Falmouth and died here in 1667."

"In 1658 he purchased the farm at back cove, of George Cleeves, which he occupied till his death, and which was held in the family for many years."

"It adjoins the Deering farm in Westbrook, and is about half a mile from Deering bridge."

"His will dated Nov. 14, 1666, and proved Oct. 2, 1667, mentioned only two children, Thomas and John, and provided that the bulk of his property should go to his widow—(Deborah[1]) 'during her widow's estate,

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[1] In a footnote in "The Skillings Family," by Wm. M. Sargent, Esq., he says: "Mr. Willis, at p. 179, n., in his 'History of Portland,' throws doubt upon her christian name; but it is proven to be correct, for the widow of that name presents the Inventory of Thomas' estate." *York Probate Office.*

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and if she marry, she shall have but one third, and the rest to be divided equally to all my children[1].' "

"The inventory of the estate, taken by Phineas Ryder, Geo. Ingersol and Nath'l. Willis, was as follows: Housing and land 80 pounds; Marsh 10 pounds; 4 Steers 22 pounds; 5 Cows 20 pounds; 3 Younger Cattle 6 pounds; 2 Calves 1 p.—10 s.; 11 Pigs 3 p.—6 s.; Wheat and peas in the barn 3 p.—8 s.; 18 Bushels Wheat in the house 4 p.—10 s.; 6 Bushels Indian Corn 1 p,—4 s.; 60 lbs. Cotton Wool 3 p.; Household Furniture 32 p. 16 s. Total, 186 p. 14 s."

JOHN SKILLINGS.

Continuing, Mr. Lapham says: "John Skillings,—(second son of Thomas.) resided in Falmouth and was a prominent man in the early history of the town."

"During the first Indian war, in 1675, he continued in Salem, but at its close returned to Falmouth and Willis says, 'Was an active and useful man, many years,—a carpenter by occupation.'—His principal farm was at Stroudwater about a mile North west of Long creek. It is probable that at the breaking out of the second Indian war, he moved his family to Piscataqua and died there."—On this subject Willis says, "We have it from tradition that John Skillings died before he was forty years old and that his widow and four children moved to Piscataqua.

"This was about the time of the second Indian war, of which he may have been a victim. He was living

[1] Mr. Sargent records seven children, viz.: Thomas, b. 1643; John, b. 1644; Deborah, Abigail, Elizabeth. Joseph and Benjamin. *Maine Hist. and Genealogical Recorder, Vol. 2, No. 2, 1885.*

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in 1688."—And Wm. M. Sargent says, "He was probably a victim of the next (second Indian) war to an Indian ambuscade at Long Creek, where some of the flower of this family are said to have fallen, by some of the patriarchs of the name. This comports with the further family tradition that he was cut off in his comparatively early manhood. His widow with their children fled to Kittery, where deeds were interchanged by them.—"Samuel Skillings[1] lived in Kittery many years but finally returned to Falmouth, occupied a farm at Long Creek, and died there. He also came into possession of the estate left by his father."

Sargent says, "This Samuel was prominent in Indian affairs, and rendered especially good service toward Wells. He was called Captain, and beside his military rank, had attained prominence as selectman. His possessions were goodly, and by their influence he was quite the dominating member of the family during his lifetime. His sagacity and foresight in securing the mill privileges on the Creek and the connecting fertile acres show him worthy to be called the second founder of the family; and his posterity to this day dwelling in ease upon land he allotted them, have inherited many traits of this worthy pioneer."

JOSIAH SKILLINGS.

Josiah Skillings was the third son of John Skillings. No records have ever been found to establish the date of his birth or of his death.

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[1] He was the second son of John Skillings; b. 1677; married Rhoda Haley, Dec. 25, 1702, and was grandfather of Mary Skillings, who married Simeon, fourth son of Edward Skillings.

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His next older brother, Samuel, was born in 1677, from which we may infer that Josiah's birth took place as late as 1680–81. He married Elizabeth Lydston, May 17, 1708; always lived in Kittery, was probably engaged in farming and died previous to 1723, as the records show that his widow married Roger Deering, January 16, 1723–4. They had three children: John, Edward and Rebecca. Edward, born March 29, 1711, married Sarah Mills, March 23, 1731–2. She was born in Portsmouth, December 25, 1712. Their home was in Scarboro, the family record showing that all their children were born in that town.

Simeon, the fourth son and eighth child of Edward and Sarah (Mills) Skillings: born December 17, 1747; married his second cousin, Mary Skillings, (daughter of Samuel, Jr.,) May 25, 1769. She was born in Cape Elizabeth, May 30, 1751. Her father was probably the Capt. Samuel Skillings who commanded one of the four companies of volunteers raised in May, 1756, to drive off the Indians. Willis says, "He marched in the direction of Windham and succeeded in saving the people and property in that place.

"He arrived in season to put the enemy to flight soon after they had commenced an attack upon the inhabitants, in which one was killed and one wounded and scalped."—It is possible that his father, the first Samuel,—who was said to have been active in Indian affairs and called Captain, may have commanded this company, but as he must have been nearly eighty years old if living at that time, it seems improbable.

SIMEON SKILLINGS, Sr.

Simeon and Mary (Skillings) Skillings lived in Scarboro until after June 20, 1771. Between that

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time and August 12, 1774, they moved to Cape Elizabeth, as is proven by the family record which is here given in full; the chronology made by Sargent and printed in the *Recorder* being incorrect, and because we are able to give a better record of dates:

i REBECCA, b. in Scarboro, Oct. 25, 1769; m. Edmund Webber of Waterborough.
ii SARAH, b. in Scarboro, June 20, 1771; m. Moses Adams.
iii SAMUEL, b. in Cape Elizabeth, Aug. 12, 1774; m. Sally Skillings (dau. of Simeon), July 3, 1800.
iv WILLIAM, b. Aug. 31, 1776; m. Sally Wood.
v ALANSON, b. Nov. 5, 1779; m. Nancy Paine; lived in Pownal.
vi MARTHA, b. Apr. 15, 1783; m. Peletiah Marshall, Oct. 13, 1803.
vii POLLY, (MARY), b. July 6, 1785; m. Elias Moulton, Mar. 2, 1805.
viii SIMEON, b. May 31, 1787; m. Nancy Adams, Aug. 16, 1812.
ix RHODA, b. May 12, 1792; m. Samuel F. Haggett, Sept. 7, 1828.

"Those children all born in Cape Elizabeth but the first two."

The following brief but clear analysis shows the line of descent to and including Robert Franklin Skillings.

THOMAS SKILLINGS, Sr.
JOHN SKILLINGS, his son.
JOSIAH, son of John. SAMUEL, son of John.
EDWARD, son of Josiah. SAMUEL, Jr.
SIMEON, son of Edward. MARY, dau. of Samuel, Jr.
SIMEON, son of Simeon and Mary (Skillings) Skillings.
ROBERT F., son of Simeon and Nancy (Adams) Skillings.

SIMEON SKILLINGS, JR.

Simeon Skillings, Jr., was born and lived on a farm in Cape Elizabeth, in the neighborhood of what is now the village of Cash's Corner. A man of large frame, stocky build, nearly six feet tall and well pro-

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portioned, with head erect, he was endowed with physical strength and agility above the average.

Having a strong, healthy and active body, possessed with a mind alert and of a jovial disposition he was reputed to be a leader in the merrymakings of the people, and tradition says he was a champion wrestler, that being a leading pastime of those days.

Inured to toil and the hardships which were the inevitable lot of the plain people of that period, he was prepared to make his own way in a busy world.

He leased Bangs Island of the Preble Heirs in 1811 and, having married August 16, 1812, Nancy Adams who was a great-great-granddaughter of Gen. Jedediah Preble, thereafter made it his home. His principal occupation was farming and by his energy and thrift, assisted by his capable and faithful wife, he was able to rear a large family—twelve children—and to buy the interests of several of the owners of the island until, in 1840, he had gained possession of six-sevenths of its broad acres, the other one-seventh remaining in the Heirs of Commodore Edward Preble.

BANGS ISLAND.

The island was conveyed by Nathaniel Jones to Joshua Bangs, Sept. 28, 1734, and after that time it was known as "Bangs Island" for more than a hundred years.

The following paragraph from the Jordan Memorial, page 78, is of interest: "At the settlement of Cape Elizabeth, in Maine, Portland was the name applied to Bangs Island . . . and to this day the promontory opposite is called Portland Head. This island, no doubt, strongly reminded such men as Joseph Phippen

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and Robert Jordan, of the Island of Portland, which lies just without the harbor of Weymouth, in England the home of their youth."

This testimony is supported by a deed dated Sept. 30, 1760, in which Bangs Island is described as, "Commonly known and called by the name of Portland Island, otherwise Androsse's Island."

Joshua Bangs conveyed it to Ezekiel Cushing in 1757 and 1760, and Sept. 13, 1760 Cushing reconveyed it to Joshua Bangs. It is very probable that Col. Cushing built the old homestead house in the valley on the southwest end of the island, previous to 1760. September 17, 1762, Samuel Cobb, executor of Joshua Bangs, deceased, in consideration of £466 13s and 4d, conveys to Jed. Preble of Falmouth, "an island in Casco Bay formerly called Androsse's Island and latterly Bangs Island, containing about 230 acres."

March 17, 1858, Simeon Skillings conveyed his interests in the island to the late Lemuel Cushing a descendant of Col. Ezekiel Cushing, who had owned it a hundred years before, and it has since been called Cushing's Island. A considerable part of the island is still in the possession of his son, Mr. Frank Cushing.

This beautiful island and the dear old house in the willow-shaded valley where he was born, which even then, was so old that no one remembered when it was built, are graphically described and the scenes of his childhood and youth faithfully portrayed by Mr. Skillings in the poem which had its first reading Aug. 18, 1890, at the celebration of the 76th anniversary of the birth of his elder brother Charles Porter Skillings, and appears with others in the Appendix.

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Old Cellar's Point is at the north
And at the east, White Head is seen,
And people passing back and forth
Will see two charming coves between.
The southern point the sea doth lave.
The western one is quite a bluff,
The vale between, where willows wave,
Is worthy of a poet's puff.

R. F. S.

Here was the home of the subject of this sketch; here he grew to the years of manhood amid the varied, and sometimes perhaps monotonous scenes and toils incident to life on a farm, relieved only by occasional trips to the city and numerous boating trips on the waters of Casco Bay. These trips were taken mostly for the purpose of catching fish and lobsters, the hours devoted merely to the pleasures of sailing, being few and far between.

SCHOOL PRIVILEGES.

Being isolated from the public schools, his early instruction in letters was limited to what could be had in the home and to a brief term during the winter seasons under a private teacher. This method was followed until 1834, after which time he had the benefit of attending the public school six terms of twelve weeks each by crossing the water each day to Peaks Island. These adverse circumstances show that his school privileges were few, and being often interrupted by inclement weather, progress was inevitably slow. But Mr. Skillings showed in many ways, particularly by his proficiency in writing, spelling and composition, that he appreciated and improved those limited privileges. During the later years of his life

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he wrote many poems. Some of them were published in the local papers and specimens of his poetry were deemed to be worthy of a place in the books called "Poets of Maine" and "Poets of America."

Having a mind and heart imbued with deep, earnest and progressive thoughts, could he have had the advantages of a liberal education it is presumable that he would have attained a much higher rank among the writers of his time.

When a lad of twelve years, he heard the voice of God calling by His spirit, and answered, "Father, I yield my will to Thine;" was baptized and joined the First Baptist Church of Portland.

During the years of his young manhood he made several voyages to the West Indies in the brigs which were the prevailing type of merchant craft in those days.

He married Harriet Newell Trefethen Oct. 13, 1842, and the following year moved to a farm on the northeasterly part of Peaks Island, where he made his home and resided during the rest of his long and useful life.

RELIGION.

He took an active interest, and was a leading spirit in all things pertaining to the welfare and progress of the islands, and, laying aside his denominational preferences, became a charter member of the island church—Methodist Episcopal—and was to the end of life a consistent, devoted and active Christian. When the first Sunday School was organized on the island he was specially active in contributing to its efficiency and influence, became its first or second superintendent, and held the office for many years,

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always taking advanced ground on subjects affecting spiritual welfare and moral reform.

His son, with whom he resided during the last months of his life, recalls that he has noticed the tears running down his father's face while he prayed in the Sunday School; those tears and earnest prayers, he believes, were an indication of the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and that impressions for good were made on the minds and hearts of those who were privileged to see and hear, that will endure for many years.

Mr. Skillings was among the leaders in the enterprise of building a church edifice on the island, and by actual records of the work when the building was completed, the value of time and money which he had put into it was equal to nearly one-eighth of its cost.

He was class leader in the church for thirty years, faithfully praying and toiling for the upbuilding of the Kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ. He regarded temperance work as a strong factor in bringing in the everlasting Kingdom, and believing that the word as well as the principle in its broadest application means temperance in the use of things needful and abstinence from things harmful, he was a tireless worker in that cause and an ardent supporter of the principles of prohibition as applied to the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

POLITICS.

Mr. Skillings never held public office; in politics he was at first a democrat, having been brought up under the influence of that party through the example of his father and the lessons inculcated by reading *The Daily Eastern Argus*. But as he grew in years

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and understanding and especially in the "wisdom which is from above, first pure then peaceable, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits," and began to receive and read other and more progressive literature, he found that he was not in accord with the doctrines of the Democratic party; his mind readily responded to the light of truth, and as he sought to advance along the lines indicated by his quickened thoughts, he speedily found himself associated with those who were opposed to the system of African slavery, which then prevailed in the South, and at once became an earnest and consistent abolitionist. This fellowship with kindred minds naturally led him to transfer his political affiliations to the Republican party and to become a loyal supporter of its principles, and an enthusiastic worker for the election of Abraham Lincoln.

Throughout the trying years of the Civil war, in spite of many apparent mistakes of commanders, and serious reverses suffered by the Union armies, he steadfastly supported the administration, contributing liberally of his means, according to his ability, to aid the government to continue the great struggle in behalf of Union and Liberty, with a never-wavering faith that final victory would crown the heroic efforts of our noble army and navy.

As before stated, Mr. Skillings was a firm believer in the principles of prohibition as applied to the liquor traffic, and when, in the year 1884, the vote was taken to incorporate it in the organic law of the State by amending the Constitution, he was an efficient worker at the polls in favor of the measure. He composed two verses tersely expressing his sentiments and an appeal to the voters which he prepared and

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posted in the ward room on Peaks Island that election day.

All these years he had conscientiously supported the fortunes of the Republican party, and at the election in November, 1884, cast his ballot for electors pledged to James G. Blaine for President of the United States. But the progressive spirit of his studious mind revealed the inconsistency of supporting a party whose national policy is tax and license of the liquor traffic and locally the nullification of State laws prohibiting it. This revelation convinced him of the necessity for a political party opposed to all measures attempting to regulate the evil and pledged to the enactment of national prohibition laws and the impartial enforcement of the laws of his own State forever prohibiting the beverage liquor traffic. Realizing that the Prohibition party was the consistent champion of those principles, he transferred his political allegiance to that party and thereafter, to the end of his life, gave to it as loyal and enthusiastic support as he had given to the party of Lincoln and Sumner in the anti-slavery days.

TOBACCO HABIT.

From the days of his youth Mr. Skillings had been addicted to the tobacco habit, and the mental, moral and spiritual struggle in which he engaged and persisted until he was freed from it, was truly heroic; as early as 1855, if not before, an aroused and enlightened conscience revealed to him that he had been brought into bondage to an acquired and degrading appetite and the filthy habit which is its inevitable result. Then was begun the struggle to break away from it, and the warfare was continued for years with

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varying degrees of success until 1885, when, by the power of Divine grace he got the victory and was made free indeed. Thereupon and ever after his joyous heart sung this refrain:

Since threescore years and three did come,
My life is more to me.
Free from tobacco, free from rum,
It is a jubilee.

R. F. S.

POETIC INSTINCT.

His mind was often dominated by an irresistible impulse to express his thoughts in rhymes.

The following examples will serve to illustrate this characteristic: One bright summer morning upon entering the store of W. S. Jordan & Co., with whom he had business relations for many years, he was cordially greeted by Mr. Jordan with his usual hearty handshake and genial smile. Mr. Skillings immediately stepped to the counter and taking a piece of wrapping paper wrote thereon:

W. S. Jordan, we know he is blessed
By the smiles which light up his face.
His patrons rejoice, his debtors have rest,
Through many long days of grace.

Regretting the purchase of a defective sheet of metal, he wrote:

"One day I bought a piece of zinc,
And it had neither crack nor chink,
But in one end were certain dents
By which I saved seven cents.

"But when I come to cut and place it,
Those ugly dents did so deface it,
I wished I 'd paid the seven cents
And got the zinc without the dents."

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At first sight of the new Y. M. C. A. Building in Portland, almost surrounded as it is by churches, and on the impulse of the moment, he said:

"In vain do we pile up the bricks
And rear towards heaven our spires,
While we hold fast to old tricks
And pamper our selfish desires.

"In vain we keep flying our colors
And saying, 'saloons must go,'
While we keep wetting our swallows
With the same kind of liquor they flow."

NEW HOME.

For some time he had felt the need of more room to accommodate his growing family, and in 1863 plans were begun for a new home. These plans were completed in the following winter and during the spring and early summer of 1864 a commodious dwelling ("Oak Cottage") was erected, facing the waters of the lower harbor—called "The Roads"—and adding a prominent feature to the landscape near Trefethen Landing, which was afterward much improved by planting trees.

To the shelter of this roof-tree he moved with his family and under it made a home until advancing years and the infirmities of age made it necessary for him and his genial life companion and faithful helpmate, to give up the cares and toils which had claimed their united attention and strength during a long and busy life. After leaving Oak Cottage his principal residence was the small house, called Home Cottage, on Island Avenue next above the corner of Centennial Street.

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BUSINESS.

Previous to the erection of Oak Cottage his vocation was farming and fishing. Thereafter he paid less attention to those lines and added the business of entertaining summer boarders, which brought him into contact with people of liberal education and considerable wealth, who came from many of the states and the Dominion of Canada. By these associations he gained information and added to his store of knowledge which was a source of enjoyment to the end of his life. These opportunities were also utilized to advertise the island; to build up its reputation and character as a summer resort and to make it a more attractive and popular retreat for all who are seeking health and recreation.

Professor Spencer F. Baird of the Smithsonian Institution, together with his family and suite, were guests at Oak Cottage for two seasons, 1873 and 1874, while engaged in studying the habits and getting specimens of the many species of fish which inhabit the waters of Casco Bay, and gathering statistics, obtaining models of fishing boats, tackle and apparatus used in the fishing business along the coast of Maine.

This line of business also brought increasing income which was used in part, to erect buildings needed on the farm, to purchase more land and to build several summer cottages. By these investments—begun in 1846—he proved his faith in the future prosperity and growth of the island, and to-day they testify to his sagacity in the choice of means to increase his income and provide a safe investment of the surplus.

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He also had some interests in shipping, principally in the schooners which were employed in the fisheries, and was a stockholder of the Peaks Island Steamboat Co., which was organized in 1871 for the purpose of furnishing steam communication with the city all the year 'round.

As a financial investment this venture did not pay, but did accomplish its main object, for the service begun in June, 1871, by the little steamer Express, which was built for this company, has continued without a break and at this time, July, 1911, a large ferryboat[1] is running to Peaks Island and carrying teams. But this class of property proved to be unprofitable for small investments and Mr. Skillings gradually sold out his interests.

His first venture in real estate was part of the Trott farm purchased of George Trott in November 1846, and the road set off at that time on the southerly side of the lot and 1,440 feet in length is believed to be the first road on Peaks Island dedicated to public use excepting the main street now called Island Avenue. In May, 1858, Mr. Trott gave the land to widen this road by the addition of fifteen feet on its southerly side, making it thirty-one feet wide, from the main street to land now owned by A. V. Ackley. Many years afterward it was accepted by the city and graded. It is now called Sterling Street. The eastern extension of the street, after passing Mr. Ackley's land where it is only sixteen feet wide, was laid out thirty feet wide by Mr. Skillings and still awaits acceptance by the city.

Besides this he gave 17,000 square feet of land to

[1] The Swampscott begun running June 17, 18, 1908.

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provide for and widen other roads upon and adjoining his land, which was a liberal proportion of the total area of his possessions. These roads can be had without cost to the city whenever it is ready to accept and grade them.

PUBLIC CEMETERY.

Previous to 1867 there was no general cemetery on the island. There are three private burying grounds; the oldest belonging to the Brackett family, situated on the southwesterly part of the island, locally known as Cemetery point; the area formerly used by the Trott family, which is in a neglected condition and overgrown with wild shrubbery, and a small enclosure reserved by Henry Trefethen, Sr., near Trefethen Landing and still used by some of his descendants. The first burial in the Trefethen cemetery was Henry Warren, infant son of Mr. Skillings, who died March 6, 1853. Two more of Mr. Skillings' children were buried there; Emily Caroline and Valeria Jane. These were removed to Pond Grove Cemetery soon after it was dedicated.

The first record of any effort being made to establish a general cemetery on Peaks Island was May 4, 1867, when Daniel Trott conveyed to Alpheus G. Sterling, Charles Parsons and John R. Dellow, Trustees, two acres of land for the purpose of a burying ground. The first meeting of which there is any record was Nov. 12, 1871, after which time, with long intervals, several meetings were held apparently to discuss the subject of an organization to manage the property. At the last of these series of meetings, March 24, 1873, "Robert F. Skillings was appointed to write the organization papers." The next meeting of record

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was January 2, 1875, at which time a corporation was organized under the name of "Pond Grove Cemetery Co." Alpheus G. Sterling was elected President; Robert F. Skillings, Vice President; Henry Trefethen, Secretary, and John Parsons, Treasurer.

These records bear witness to the prominent and active part which Mr. Skillings had in the work which brought to a successful issue this most worthy object.

As before stated Mr. Skillings had, in his youth, become a member of the First Baptist church of Portland. After moving to Peaks Island, where the doctrines of the Methodist church seemed to predominate, he freely joined with them on the broad principle of salvation by grace through faith and the blessed delaration of the scriptures: "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." In the later years of his life he became more liberal in his religious views and avowed his belief in the doctrine of universal salvation. His faith was expressed in the following lines:

"The harmony of melody
Is charming to the joyful soul;
The melody of harmony
The angels of the Lord control.
Good tidings of great joy did come
To Bethlehem when Christ was born,
And *every soul will he bring home*
On the glad resurrection morn."

CLOSE OF LIFE.

On account of the infirmities incident to old age, Mr. Skillings spent the last two winters of his life with his children in the city, that he might be free from the cares of home management.

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Throughout the summer season of 1901 he lived on the island as usual, but in the spring of 1902 his strength had failed to such a degree as to prevent a return to his old home, and he continued with his son Simeon at 74 Vesper Street.

Here, on a pleasant Sabbath day, June 22, 1902, free from pain, he quietly passed away in the presence of his wife and children and youngest brother, Mr. Silas B. Skillings.

A little while before his death he recited the following verses of his own composing:

"Father, Thou knowest best,
I put my hand in Thine.
'Thy kingdom come,' is my request,
And let Thy will be mine.

"Father, Thou knowest all
The adverse things that come,
Help me in truth on Thee to call
And bring me to Thy home."

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GENEALOGY
OF THE SKILLINGS FAMILY.

SEVENTH GENERATION.

SIMEON AND NANCY (ADAMS) SKILLINGS.

i EDWARD P., b. Apr. 28, 1813; m. 1st, Elizabeth J. Cleaves. ———, 1838; m. 2d, Hannah J. Berry, June 24, 1852; d. May 11, 1888.

ii CHARLES PORTER, b. Aug. 18, 1814; m. 1st, Mary Ann Jordan, Oct. 4, 1840; m. 2d, Martha E. Dyer; d. Nov. 20, 1890.

iii GEORGE W., b. Dec. 10, 1815; m. Margaret Pickard, May 12, 1839; d. Nov. 9, 1865.

iv SIMEON, b. Mar. 12, 1818; m. Nancy E. Sterling, June 1, 1848; d. Mar. 4, 1904.

v ROBERT F., b. Oct. 31, 1819: m. Harriet N. Trefethen, Oct. 13, 1842; d. June 22, 1902.

vi SARAH A., b. June 21, 1821; m. Smith C. Hadlock, July 14, 1843; d. Jan. 8, 1889.

vii SILAS B., b. Oct. 23, 1822; d. Apr. 25, 1826.

viii OLIVER P., b. May 19, 1824; d. unmarried, June 10, 1852.

ix ELIZA M., b. Dec. 25, 1826; m. Stephen L. Hubbard, Nov. 6, 1853; d. May 27, 1885.

x NANCY P., b. Feb. 25, 1828; m. Ichabod W. Leighton, Dec. 22, 1876; d. Mar. 12, 1901.

xi SILAS BROAD, b. Aug. 25, 1829; m. Cyrena Briggs, Nov. 22, 1855; d. Feb. 17, 1911.

xii MARY M., b. July 17, 1831; m. James Bain, Mar. 11, 1852; d. March 28, 1856.

EIGHTH GENERATION.

ROBERT FRANKLIN AND HARRIET N. (TREFETHEN) SKILLINGS.

i ALMIRA JONES, b. Feb. 21, 1844; m. John Fisher, Jr., Dec. 8, 1866; d. Nov. 1, 1896.

ii FRANKLIN, b. Jan. 1, 1846; m. Lydia W. (McDonald) Craig, Oct. 30, 1872. m. 2d, Effie A. Ball, (nee Pooler,) June 21, 1911.

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iii SIMEON ALANSON, b. Oct. 28, 1847; m. Dora L. Mathes, Mar. 4, 1872.

iv FLORENCE, b. Jan. 23, 1850: m. Lewis McDonald, Mar. 23, 1871.

v HENRY WARREN, b. Apr. 18, 1852; d. Mar. 6, 1853.

vi HENRY TREFETHEN, b. Sept. 28, 1854; m. 1st, Julia E. Trefethen, Mar. 11, 1882; 2d, Clara A. Starling, Oct. 15, 1895.

vii EMILY CAROLINE, b. Aug. 31, 1857; d. July 26, 1861.

viii VALERIA JANE, b. July 6, 1860; d. May 4, 1867.

ix LINCOLN, b. Nov. 24, 1862; m. Annie G. Cooper, Sept. 29, 1886.

NINTH GENERATION.

FRANKLIN AND LYDIA W. (CRAIG, NEE MCDONALD) SKILLINGS.

i EMMA, ii EVERETT, } Twins, b. Aug. 3, 1873; { m. Frank Ellsworth Briggs, of Kennebunk, Me., Aug. 22, 1902. m. Ethel Marion Wescott, Nov. 27, 1900.

iii MABEL, b. Sept. 13, 1875; d. unmarried, Mar. 10, 1902.

iv FLORA, b. Mar. 16, 1878; m. George Warren Bliss, Aug. 21, 1905.

v FRANK ADAMS, b. Mar. 31, 1880; m. Mildred H. Locke, June 11, 1906.

vi LEWIS WINFRED, b. Jan. 19, 1884; m. Della Farmer, of Boston, Sept. 10, 1906.

vii ROBERT FULTON, b. Dec. 12, 1888.

SIMEON A. AND DORA L. (MATHES) SKILLINGS.

i BOARDMAN THOMAS, b. Sept. 8, 1873; m. Mabel Hallett, June 21, 1899.

ii FRED BIBBER, b. Aug. 4, 1875; d. Mar. 30, 1880.

LINCOLN AND ANNIE G. (COOPER) SKILLINGS.

i HAROLD B., b. Aug. 29, 1887.

ii EARL COOPER, b. Sept. 8, 1893.

JOHN, JR., AND ALMIRA J. (SKILLINGS) FISHER.

i EDNA, b. Oct. 1, 1867; m. Alfred P. Nickerson, of Somerville, Mass., Oct. 13, 1892.

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ii ROBERT SKILLINGS, b. Aug. 30, 1869; m. Anna Kern, of Lawrence, Kansas, June 5, 1905. (She was born Jan. 27, 1884.)
iii EMILY, b. Jan. 15, 1872; d. Oct. 5, 1894.
iv PHILIP R., b. May 5, 1878; m. Alice Houghton, of Butte, Montana, Oct. 18, 1902.

LEWIS AND FLORENCE (SKILLINGS) MCDONALD.

i EVA, b. Oct. 6, 1873; m. Stephen Morrill, Oct. 13, 1898; d. Sept. 9, 1905.
ii FRANK, b. June 30, 1875; m. Evelyn G. Davis, Apr. 6, 1903.
iii GRACE, b. Mar. 23, 1878; m. Charles Collins, Apr. 22, 1903.
iv ANDREW, b. July 30, 1885.
v WARREN, b. Dec. 20, 1888.

TENTH GENERATION.

FRANK A. AND MILDRED H. (LOCKE) SKILLINGS.

i MABEL LOCKE, b. Feb. 29, 1908. (In Biddeford, Me.)

LEWIS W. AND DELLA (FARMER) SKILLINGS.

i DELLA MARGARET, b. Aug. 13, 1906. (In Boston.)

ALFRED P. AND EDNA (FISHER) NICKERSON.

i MADALINE, b. Jan. 25, 1894.
ii RICHARD ELIOTT, b. Feb. 1, 1897.

ROBERT S. AND ANNA (KERN) FISHER.

i BEULAH ALMIRA, b. in Denver, Col., Nov. 24, 1906; d. June 24, 1908.
ii ALICE BERTHA, b. in Denver, Col., Oct. 2, 1908.

STEPHEN AND EVA (MCDONALD) MORRILL.

i FLORENCE J., b. July 15, 1900.

FRANK AND EVELYN G. (DAVIS) MCDONALD.

i BARBARA G., b. Dec. 12, 1906.

CHARLES AND GRACE (MCDONALD) COLLINS.

i LEWIS R., b. Oct. 13, 1904.
ii ANNIE F., b. Aug. 24, 1906.

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HARRIET N. SKILLINGS

Born on Monhegan's rugged soil,
Her earth life, there begun,
Was spent in loving, patient toil
To keep a pleasant, cheerful home —
A resting place, free from turmoil.
With large success her life was crowned,
Till life's last thread was spun.

F. S.

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HARRIET NEWELL SKILLINGS.

Mrs. Skillings was the oldest child of Henry and Mary (Thompson) Trefethen, and was born on Monhegan Island, November 12, 1821. In her early childhood her father moved his family to House Island, in Portland harbor, where he died in 1880, after a long and successful career in the fish business.

On October 13, 1842, she was married to Mr. Robert F. Skillings, and the following year moved to Peaks Island where they made their home and enjoyed, for many years, a good measure of success in both secular work and their spiritual ministrations. Mrs. Skillings had a very kind and sympathetic heart. It was natural for her to take up the burdens of the weak, and her sympathy was always active towards those who were in any trouble.

A few years before her death, while on one of these errands of mercy, she fell on the ice and fractured her hip. This accident ended her accustomed activity. Her genial spirit and the qualities of an even temper and natural sociability endeared her to a large circle of relatives and friends, not only at home but in many other parts of the country. Mrs. Skillings professed conversion and believed in universal salvation and, although she never joined any church, her patient, self-denying example was a constant testimony of faith in Jesus as her Saviour.

After the death of Mr. Skillings she lived with her daughter, Mrs. Lewis McDonald, at number 30 Munjoy Street, where she died of pneumonia, March 7, 1903.

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CIVIL WAR VETERANS.

Four of the nephews of Robert F. Skillings were volunteer soldiers in the Union Army of the great Civil war.

One was killed in the battle of the Wilderness, and the others as truly offered their lives for the cause of freedom and the preservation of the Union as if they had been actually sacrificed in the terrible conflict.

Space is here dedicated to perpetuate their memory, that we, and future generations, may receive inspiration from their heroic devotion to duty.

Albert C. Skillings, son of Edward P. and Elizabeth (Cleaves) Skillings; born in Portland, Maine, March 7, 1840. He enlisted and was mustered in as a private in Company F, First Maine Cavalry, Oct. 19, 1861, appointed bugler, 1863, and mustered out Nov. 25, 1864, his term of service having expired.

Albert was a good soldier, rather headstrong at times, and always fearless in action. June 21, 1863, in a charge at Upperville, Virginia, he captured the Lieutenant-Colonel of the 12th Virginia Cavalry. His health was good while in the army and he participated with his regiment in all its activities and hardships during his three years' term of service, coming out unscathed.

He married Sarah J. Buck of Gorham, Dec. 27, 1867, and died April 16, 1873, and was buried in

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ALBERT C. SKILLINGS

CHARLES W. SKILLINGS

FRANKLIN SKILLINGS

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Gorham, Maine, Eastern Cemetery. Mrs. Skillings was living in Gorham, 1911.

Charles William Skillings, son of Charles P. and Mary Ann (Jordan) Skillings; born in Portland, Maine, June 15, 1843. Was mustered into the United States' service Oct. 19, 1861, and assigned to Company F, First Maine Cavalry as a private. Age 18 years, 4 months and 4 days: promoted to the rank of Corporal in 1863. In the reconnoissance to Little Washington, Va., October 12, 1863, his horse having become exhausted, he was left behind and captured by a detachment of the Confederate Army and, after suffering the hardships of Libby and Belle Isle prisons in Virginia, and the horrors of Andersonville, Ga., was finally released by exchange, at Vicksburg, Miss., April 1, 1865. Mustered out June 20, 1865.

He was engaged in business for many years in Portland and Boston, and at present is an officer in the United States Customs service in Portland, Me.

Franklin Skillings, second son of Charles P. and Mary Ann (Jordan) Skillings, was born in Portland, Maine, April 12, 1845, and at the early age of seventeen years was mustered into the service of the United States, Aug. 18, 1862, and assigned to Company A, 17th Maine Infantry.

August 21, 1862, the regiment was sent to the front, and its first engagement was the battle of Fredericksburg, Va. In this first experience in battle Frank was wounded, he also received wounds at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. In the battle of the Wilderness he was killed in action, May 6, 1864.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."[1]

---

[1] It is sweet and honorable to die for one's country.

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George Edwin Skillings, son of George W. and Margaret (Pickard) Skillings, born in Portland, Maine, Oct. 26, 1841. Enlisted Aug. 13, 1862, as a private in the 2d Battery of Artillery, Maine Volunteers; wounded and discharged for promotion; March 10, 1864, promoted to position of 2d Lieutenant; Jan. 13, 1865, commissioned 1st Lieutenant; mustered out Jan. 17, 1865; lost his right hand in the service; now living in East Bridgewater, Mass.

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APPENDIX.

HYMN.

FOR THE SOCIAL AND PRAYING CIRCLE.

Our God in heav'n, to Thee we pray,
  In Jesus' name we humbly bow,
Give us Thy spirit, that we may
  Be Thine own sons and daughters now.

REFRAIN.

In Heav'n's own vault, free from assault,
  Our precious treasures we would lay.
Our God we thank, for that blest bank,
  Which daily dividends will pay.

We bless Thee for this gracious hour,
  We praise Thee for this social band,
Thus far, supported by Thy pow'r,
  We still would grasp Thy mighty hand.

Unite our hearts with Thy great love,
  And let our prayers acceptance find.
We seek those things which are above,
  That we may love with all the mind.

Now let Thy benediction, Lord,
  To each our waiting souls be giv'n,
And through Thy sanctifying Word,
  Bring us to worship Thee in heav'n.

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HOW CAN I KEEP FROM GIVING?

Over against the treasury
  Emmanuel was sitting;
The rich cast in of their great wealth
  What seemed to them befitting.
A widow came and gave two mites,
  Which then was all her living;
She did the most of all the host—
  How can I keep from giving?

How blest the man who knows Thy word,
  "Give and it shall be given;"
His all he brings unto the Lord,
  His heart is now in heaven;
Help me, dear Lord, that I may give
  Thus even all my living;
Since of Thy bounty I receive,
  How can I keep from giving?

I have received a precious gift,
  No mortal tongue can speak it;
The like is ready now for all
  Who diligently seek it.
I can but sing the praise of Him
  From whom I am receiving;
And as He gives Himself to me,
  How can I keep from giving?

To love the Lord with all the heart,
  And as myself my neighbor,
I mean to strive with all my might,
  And to this end will labor.
And may I never faithless prove,
  But always be believing;
For while I think of Thy great love,
  How can I keep from giving?

November 27, 1875.

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A PLEA.

FOR PARENTS TO COME TO SABBATH SCHOOL.

O parents come to Sabbath School,
  How can you stay away,
While children dear are gathering here,
  To learn the heavenly way.
We learn that Jesus is the Way,
  The Truth and Life as well,
The only name by which we may
  Be brought with God to dwell.

Your loving sympathy we need,
  To help us in this way,
And for your presence here we plead,
  And thus will ever pray.
O parents come, we say once more,
  Our humble prayer regard,
For Jesus now is at the door,
  And with Him, His reward.

To-day, if we will hear His voice,
  And let the Saviour in,
His presence will make us rejoice,
  His love will cast out sin.
Then let all come to Sabbath School,
  And join with us to sing,
And make the chorus sweet and full,
  Of praises to our King.

PEAKS ISLAND, June 7, 1881.

THE INVITATION.

My heart shall sing of Jesus,
  And rest in perfect peace,
The song of His salvation
  Shall never, never cease;
Bright spirits now before Him,
  Proclaim Him Lord and King,

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While saints on earth adore Him
And to His glory sing.

My song shall be inviting,
I want my foes to come
And with my friends uniting
Together travel home.
And while we are believing
The world shall not defeat,
For, asking and receiving
Our joy shall be complete.

Come! all my fellow sinners
While it is called to-day,
The banquet is all ready
Then why should we delay;
The invitation 's given,
To each of us 't is sent,
More joy shall be in heaven
This day if we repent.

JOY AND GLADNESS—THANKSGIVING AND THE VOICE OF MELODY.

For peaceful quiet rest in sleep
Our God this morning I will praise,
He only has the power to keep
And guide His own in all their ways.
Gladness and joy are mine to-day,
All promises are mine,
The Light of Life shines on my way,
And makes it all divine.

EVENING PRAYER.

Accept my thanks, dear Lord, I pray,
For Thy kind care through all this day,
And now as evening shades appear
Help me by faith, to bring Thee near.

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A SONG OF FAITH TO SANTA CLAUS.

If we had hearts like Santa Claus,
  How happy then we all would be,
Respecting all of Love's best laws,
  Our lives would be a Jubilee.

Lord, help us each to have the mind
  Which was in Him whom Thou didst send;
Thus being gentle, true, and kind,
  Each enemy would seem a friend.

Come in dear Santa, bring the pack,
  You are the one we all have sought;
We will relieve your weary back
  Of all the good things you have brought.

And for these goods we 'll praise our God,
  For unto Him all things belong,
He will apply the chastening rod,
  And we will sing salvation's song.

Salvation's song is better known
  To-day, than in all former years.
We know now that our Christ alone
  Can save a world from grief and tears.

Thou Lamb of God, when Thou wast slain,
  Laid down Thy life for sinful man,
And when Thou didst take it again,
  'T was to perfect Thy mighty plan.

December 22, 1900.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

I.

The love of God is so sublime
  And so immensely free,
It cannot all be told in time,
  'T will take eternity.

And if it takes time without end
  To tell the story true,
It is a work which must depend
  Upon us all to do.

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II.

Our God is love and lovingly
He careth for the human race,
And as the law could not give life,
He placed us under gospel grace.

That grace came by His only Son,
None other name to us is given
By which the vict'ry can be won,
And we, through faith, reach home in heaven.

All goodness to our God belongs,
Not any comes from sinful man,
Let us exalt Him in our songs,
According to His perfect plan.

He is dispenser of all good,
Each living soul is His dear child,
Complete will be the brotherhood,
When all to God are reconciled.

Oh, that the world might *now* believe,
For *now* is the accepted time,
Let every soul the Christ receive,
And fill the earth with joy sublime.

Oh Lord, to each the faith bestow,
Through which shall come this gracious end;
'T is by Thy spirit, Lord, we know,
And on Thy spirit we depend.

III.

The deep gulf stream of God's great love,
Is with us wheresoe'er we go,
"In it we live, in it we move,"
Although to *us* it *seems* not so.

And when each one shall come to know,
— As did the prodigal of old —
His poverty, he then will go
To Him who has the fire-tried gold.

May leaders of the public thought,
Consider well their daily deeds,
Through *self-denial* then be brought
To Thee, great Master of all creeds.

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OUR GREAT REDEEMER.

Our great Redeemer, King of Kings
  Laid down His life for me,
That I might rest beneath His Wings,
  Through all eternity.

If any will come after Me,
  So said the Saviour mild,
Let him deny himself and be
  To God thus reconciled.

If I believe — this faith abides
  In Christ, the Living Vine;
If I endure, the End is Sure —
  Eternal Life is mine!
January 30, 1901.

"The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich."

Dear Lord, Thy blessing was with me
Through all the year of 'ninety-three.
Help me to praise Thee more and more
If I am kept through 'ninety-four.
January 1, 1894.

MORNING PRAYERS.

"God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

As this new morning I awake,
I pray Thee, Lord, for Jesus' sake,
Help me by wisdom from above,
Through all this day to dwell in love.

Come in, come in, Thou glorious King,
  Abide with us to-day,
Help us with joyful hearts to sing,
  And in full faith to pray,
In mercy now Thy grace impart,
  To keep us through this day,
Each moment may each prayerful heart
  Thy holy law obey.

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MAN AND BLESSING.

"Man never is, but always to be blessed."
'T is true you say, but stop and hear the rest.
The truth is, for so the light doth show it,
Man is blest now, did he but know it.

Man seeks the good as very far away,
Or if he feels it near, he then does say,
"For this time go thy way and leave me free,
When my time is, then I will call for thee."

The Good One takes his hand; man shakes his head
Persisting, "I will lead but won't be led."
You see he has it now, 't is in his hand;
Yet he through vain self-will can't understand.

But still seeks on, the good to get and hold.
How strange that he should think it to be gold!
But gold he loves and seeks until he dies.
How shall we answer? Has he won the prize?

PEAKS ISLAND, March, 1898.

THE CLEANSING POWER.

'T is by My Spirit saith the Lord,
  And not by power or might
That men are drawn to know My Word,
  And do that which is right.

We may wash all our clothes with care
  But God must cleanse the heart,
The Holy Ghost must enter there
  Or sin will not depart.

Big tears of joy roll down my cheeks
  When love Divine comes in;
It keeps me glad through all the weeks
  And frees my soul from sin.

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"GLORIOUS IN HOLINESS, FEARFUL IN PRAISES, DOING WONDERS."

What mighty wonders Thou hast wrought,
My Lord, my God, my King.
How many precious souls are brought
Beneath Thy sheltering wing.

Help us, our God, thus to abide
Till life on earth is past,
And then, with Christ, help us to hide
Ourselves in Thee at last.

MEDITATION.

How many times I have resolved
In Jesus to abide,
And yet how soon, though facing right,
My feet would backward slide.

'T is not my fellow, nor my foe
Who is so very bad,
But I, myself, I find it so,
And that 's what makes me sad.

Yes, it is sad that I have sinn'd,
It often makes me cry;
And yet in Jesus Christ I find,
A friend to such as I.

His grace does full salvation bring,
To all it is made free,
Each one may with the spirit sing
His grace has rescued me.

For all the world the Saviour bled,
That blood for me did flow,
And though my sins be crimson red,
They shall be white as snow.

To Thee, O God, for help I fly,
Thy righteousness I crave,
With all my soul I now rely
Upon Thy Son to save.

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HOLDING TO JESUS.

I hold to Thee, dear Jesus,
  Thy blood has brought me nigh
In ev'ry sore temptation
  On Thee I do rely.
I came to Thee all thirsty,
  Thy promise I believed
And now my cup runs over
  With what I have received.

I hold to Thee, dear Jesus
  Because I know 't is right.
I would look up imploringly,
  But crouch beneath Thy might.
Have mercy on me, O my God,
  The fullness of Thy fear
Be always thus before me,
  And be Thou always near.

I hold to Thee, dear Jesus,
  By Thy own strength divine,
Help me to cling so closely
  That Thy rule shall be mine.
Help me to love my enemies
  According to Thy word,
So shall I be made free indeed
  And truly call Thee Lord.

I hold to Thee, dear Jesus,
  My life is hid with Thee,
In God, whose power is keeping,
  My faith shall ever be.
And thus the vict'ry winning,
  I 'll keep the Just-one's way,
Which more and more is shining
  Unto the perfect day.

DOXOLOGY.

As God is feared in heaven above,
And praised for His redeeming love,
So let each mortal here and now
To father, Son and Spirit bow.

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A SONG OF WELCOME.

TO REV. W. S. AND MRS. JONES.

We island people meet to-day
And gladly our new pastor greet;
While he shall stay we hope and pray,
His joy in Christ will be complete.

We welcome him and his dear wife,
To this fair isle in Casco Bay,
And as he speaks the "Word" of life
May prayerless souls be led to pray.

May his success in winning hearts
To true and penitential tears,
Cause his appointment to these parts
At least for five successive years.

Now let us all, from this glad night,
So follow Christ and watch and pray,
That Brother Jones will take delight
In leading us in love's own way.

PEAKS ISLAND, May 7, 1897.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

I love the Christmas tree,
I love the Christmas tree
Because it bears from some dear friend
A precious gift to me.

I thank you my dear friend,
I bless my God for thee,
And may His grace thy steps attend
And set thy spirit free.

God's greatest gift to man
Was hanged upon a tree,
Inscribed on Him in letters plain
May all of our names be.

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MEDITATION.

UPON EDWARD H. ELWELL'S POEM, "BEAUTY IN USE."

By beauty's inspiration led
And fertile fancy crowned,
He saw the leaves a carpet spread
As they lay on the ground.

The sun had stooped to bless those leaves
With colors rich and rare,
And they in turn humbled themselves
To dress the ground so bare.

Thus, high ones may descend and serve
The lowly if they will,
And beauty be more beautiful
While they love's law fulfil.

Oh, that the world might grasp the thought,
Each help the next below,
Thus would love's golden chain be wrought
And man the true God know.

A MORNING HYMN.

This morning Lord, Thy grace impart
To keep me through this day.
Each moment may my prayerful heart
Thy perfect will obey.

Sweetly Thy spirit, dearest Lord,
Is wafted to my soul,
And with it comes Thy living Word
Which has complete control.

The single eye is mine to-day,
Thy glory, Lord, I seek,
The light of life I have alway
Each day in ev'ry week.

This frame of mine is hallowed bliss,
Thy name of all most dear,
And for my life I would not miss
Thy daily presence here.

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POEM.

"I am the way." John 14: 6.

I am in the "way" to heaven
And the "way" also in me;
I 've received the gracious leaven
And the "Son" has made me free.

. . . . . .

Hopefully, joyfully forward we look,
When truly we are in the "way,"
We live on the promises writ in the "book,"
And learn without ceasing to pray.

Patiently, cheerfully onward we press,
To the calling of God in His Son;
And while we believe we don't have to guess,
For by faith is the victory won.

CHRISTIAN.

"Of the people there was none to help."

If you would be a happy one,
You must let God be God;
You must believe His only Son
Who 'lone the wine-press trod.

Would you be one of God's own sons,
You must let God be true;
Believe He loves His other ones
As well as He loves you.

Would you be happy day and night,
You must let God be just,
For many will not do the right
Till they find that they must.

ETHEL.

A FRIEND INDEED.

God bless the true and precious friend
Who quickly came at our late call,
True joy and peace will her attend
While she dispenses love to all.

Her mother dear, for many years,
Has lessons taught along this line,
Producing smiles in place of tears
And comforting with words divine.

September 15, 1899.

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PROHIBITION.

In eighteen hundred thirty-nine
I vow'd to be a temperance man,
Taking rum, gin, brandy and wine
According to the temperance plan.

It was as medicine,—just so!—
I took the brandy, rum and gin,
Not as a beverage,—oh, no!
That would have been grievous sin.

That plan I followed forty years
And then, I found it was not right,
It would not dry those scalding tears,
Would never heal the curs'd rum blight.

To preach and practice temperance
Will never, never bring fruition,
That blessed, blissful evidence,
Only comes through prohibition.

I then, prohibited myself,
No rum as medicine, for me,
For, if I buy, the seller's pelf
Is thus augmented, do you see?

To liquor dealers let me say,
For Jesus' sake give up your trade,
Ask Him, and learn a better way
By which a living can be made.

Buyers and drinkers, one and all,
Make prohibition, now, your choice,
Give heed unto this earnest call
That you may all with me rejoice.

'T is prohibition makes me glad
And now I wish that all would see
And share the blessedness I 've had
Since prohibition came to me.

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INCONSISTENCY.

I do not understand why sinners
For whom the dear Saviour did die,
Should be trusting in rum to save them
If they should be sick by and by.
Much less can I see why Christians
Who sing of the might of their King
Should,—without any good reason —
Be doing the very same thing.
Trusting in rum for salvation
Instead of the love of their King.

WILL MAINE GO BACK ON PROHIBITION?

Will Maine go back on prohibition
Which from high heaven did come down?
And which has bettered our condition
In every city and each town?

Will Maine go back on prohibition
And let the power of rum prevail?
By yielding to that one condition
Which fills the poorhouse and the jail?

Will Maine go back on prohibition
And of "Dirigo" make a lie?
Will she lead children to perdition
By advocating license high?

Will Maine go back on prohibition
Which through true righteousness has come?
Will she while facing prohibition
Slide back, yes backward slide, to rum?

Will Maine adopt the sound opinion?
For Jesus' sake put rum away?
And all throughout her wide dominion
Let prohibition have full sway?

Oh Maine! adopt the sound opinion
And lead the prohibition host
From dominion to dominion
Reaching every clime and coast.

August 15, 1894.

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RUM AND TOBACCO.

The Saviour, Jesus, now is come
To bless the world with greater light,
To free it from the curse of rum
And put tobacco out of sight.

Before we prohibs. can succeed
We have two crafty foes to slay,
They 're alcohol and filthy weed
Which now seem to be here to stay.

We see the ruin rum has wrought,
We scent tobacco's filth each day
And yet, we fail to grasp the thought
That both should go without delay.

God help us all to lay aside
These two great weights of sin and shame,
So may we in our Christ abide
And glorify His gracious name.

T' accomplish this we need the aid
Of all the Christians in the land.
Let none of us then, be afraid
To help complete a work so grand.

Through self-denial it must come,
There cannot be a better way,
If we all leave off buying rum
The trade will end that very day.

I have abolished, for myself,
All rum for any use, for me,
For if I buy, the seller's pelf
Is thus augmented; do you see?

By faith in God it can be done,
Indeed there is no other way,
By faith the victory is won,
Lord, give us each that faith to-day.

February 29, 1896.

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THE WINE AND THE WEED.

Wine everywhere is in disguise,
The weed is counted *filthy* stuff,
The public mind will not be wise
While leading teachers drink and puff.

The standard of the public mind
How very low at this late date;
How few there be who seek to find
And enter in at the straight gate.

If leaders of the public mind
Will practice self-denial more,
The people now so far behind
Will soon be even with the fore.

CONCERNING THE LIQUOR TRADE.

I tell you the very best notion,
—Concerning the liquor trade—
Is to put all the rum in the ocean,
Then let not a drop be made.

ALCOHOL DEIFIED.

The spirit bids me now to sing,
In all the world where man has trod,
That Alcohol who was our king,
Is now exalted as our god.

He is the chief of all the gods
Invented and adored by man,
The most deceptive by all odds,
Of all who do oppose God's plan.

He is the very same old snake
Who tempted first our grandma Eve,
A word of truth he never spake,
For his whole aim is to deceive.

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From that time on year after year,
Upon his belly he did stroll,
Until the flood did disappear,
And Noah invented alcohol.

Then into that this fiend withdrew,
His hideous form from human sight,
Professing friendship pure and true,
Is only there to sting and bite.

And countless millions he has slain
Throughout the world in all these years.
How long, dear friend, shall he remain
To curse our race with grief and tears?

Oh that all Christians far and near
Would form an abolition band,
And draw this idol now so dear,
From every home in every land.

Then will our civil life progress,
And Christianity increase,
The heathen will our God confess
And hail with joy the Prince of Peace.

What Christian woman in this land
Will condescend this band to lead?
It is indeed a work so grand,
That I can never cease to plead.

This abolition union will
Ere long, take temperance union's place,
Then this great cause will not stand still,
But onward march with elegant grace.

Oh, God, to each the faith bestow,
Through which shall come this gracious end,
'T is by Thy spirit, Lord, we know,
And on Thy spirit we depend.

PEAKS ISLAND, July 9, 1897.

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PUT RUM AWAY.

Let us put rum away, my dear,
Put all the rum away.
And so invite that Kingdom near
Which will be here some day.

And when the rum fiend we defeat,
We 'll surely find it so,
If we would make the work complete
Tobacco, too, must go.

MY PRAYER.

Lord, help Thy children all to see
That if each will leave rum alone,
The world from it will soon be free,
And free from whiskey's gilded throne.

By grace through faith the Saviour comes,
To cause true love in us to spring,
Great joy He brings to all our homes,
Which makes our inmost souls to sing.

RUM.

O, Christians, let us Dow(n) it.

I say it boldly, here and now,
No man in all creation
More worthy than our General Dow
Of world-wide celebration.

He faced the rum power in this State,
Drove it from its position,
In spite of all its scorn and hate
He pressed in prohibition.

Let Christians all join General Dow,
Our prohibition hero,
To put the rum, held so high now,
Away down under zero.

When rum is down, Dow's fame will up
To higher honors given.
His helpers then with him will sup
True joy in highest heaven.

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PROHIBITION AMENDMENT.

NOTICE EXTRA—SEPTEMBER 8, 1884.

VOTE YES.

Let every man who loves his home
And wishes God to bless,
To-day unto this ward room come
And by his vote say yes.

If any one has any doubt
Or feels disposed to guess,
For Jesus' sake, just cast it out
And for His sake, vote yes.

To-day, my friend, you have the power
To help relieve distress.
Come to the box this very hour
And let your vote say yes.

ELECTION DAY, 1887.

A PRAYER.

God bless all the Christians who vote to-day,
With a mind to put away rum,
Help each of us, Lord, to vote as we pray,
And so let Thine own kingdom come.

Help each to give up tobacco the same
And so to be Christians indeed,
For no one is worthy of that good name
While habitually using the weed.

VOTE PROHIBITION.

A vote for Ladd will make us glad,
When time shall show us things to come,
With joy we 'll sing to Christ our "King,"
When all the world is free from rum.
Let 's watch and pray and vote that way,
E'en though we suffer sore defeat,
On with the fight, 't will end all right,
For "victory" yet shall be complete.

PEAKS ISLAND, ME., September 14, 1896.

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THE GOSPEL VS. RUM.

Said Jesus to His followers, Go,
In all the world proclaim,
To rich and poor, to high and low,
Salvation in My name.

And I, if I be lifted up
Will draw all men to Me,
He said, and soon He drained the cup
Which made salvation free.

How low the point man's faith has reached,
With all his prayers and tears,
Although the precious Name is preached
For eighteen hundred years.

Christians for centuries have prayed,
"Lord, let Thy kingdom come,"
And then its progress have delayed
By holding on to rum.

Oh, Christians! all who hope and pray
With Jesus Christ to dwell,
Pray with your tongues election day
And pray with votes as well.

TEMPERANCE.

I 'm done with temperance forever
As far as it relates to rum
For any purpose whatsoever.
To me, true freedom now has come.

All hail to this smiling October,
And ere it returns yet again,
May realms of the world become sober
Led on by this fair State of Maine.

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TRYING TO SERVE TWO MASTERS.

OR FOR JESUS' SAKE.

Ye pastors stand for Jesus,
  And then go vote for rum,
There 's naught in earth can please us
  Unless we do have some.
King Alcohol is with us,
  He leads the G. O. P.,
He is a staunch "Republican,"
  A "Temperance man" is He.

"Take Notice" all ye preachers,
  See how this matter stands,
Rum rules to degradation
  Of this and other lands;
And thus it will continue,
  Till Zion shall awake,
And vote the "Monster" out of sight,
  For loving Jesus' sake.

PEAKS ISLAND, ME., August 31, 1896.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY OF MR. AND MRS. SILAS B. SKILLINGS.

1855. NOVEMBER 22. 1880.

When sister Nancy spoke to me
  About the gathering here to-night,
She said, if there you cannot be
  You must a real good letter write.
Which letter, some one there may read
  To entertain that merry crowd,
To feed their minds 't will be indeed
  Something of which they may be proud.

Me! write a letter to be read
  Before a company like this,
I 'd sooner hide under the bed,
  Or try the prettiest one to kiss.

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But after feeling thus, awhile,
My thoughts began to gather force,
My face was lighted with a smile
To think you did not seek divorce.

But rather to renew your vow
And show to those who marriage mock,
So plainly that they must allow
That you are building on the rock.
Ye married ones, hearken to me,
And closer to each other cling,
So that you may already be
To join with me as I shall sing.

How sweet it is to know true love,
And how to keep it pure and bright,
It truly is a heavenly dove,
And must abide with us to-night.
I say it must, I know it will,
If we are willing it should stay,
Each to the brim his cup may fill
By yielding to its gentle sway.

Here are two hearts which have been one
For quarter of a hundred years;
Four hands which many things have done
To lessen cares and banish fears.
Now these hearts number three times two,
And hands count up to three times four,
Let love continue pure and true,
And soon there may be many more.

And at your golden wedding time,
May children's children gather 'round
With merry hearts all free from crime
And voices with melodious sound.
Accept congratulations now,
Remember me to ev'ry friend,
With grace I fain would make my bow
You must be glad to hear the end.

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TO MOTHER.

1821. 1884.

A song of affection recited by her oldest daughter, on the occasion of the presentation, by her children, of a cashmere shawl as a surprise to Mrs. Harriet N. Skillings, Nov. 12, 1884.

Brothers and sisters young and strong,
To help each one the other,
Join me to sing affection's song
To our most noble mother.

She toiled through months and years so long
While we were all unthinking,
And while we joined with pleasure's throng
The cup of care was drinking.

Her patient, self-denying way
Caused many friends to grumble,
And say, "If in her place to-day
I 'd whip those children humble."

But she prayed on without the rod,
Yet still herself denying,
Each day rejoicing in our God,
And on His Word relying.

Such love from mortal ne'er can come,
But by a gentle mother.
'T is that which makes a pleasant home
For sister and for brother.

Since we have children 'round our hearth,
And know how much they bother,
We now, much better, know the worth
Of such a real good mother.

But words alone though full of love
Will not avail to show it,
To do the kindly deed will prove
And make our friends to know it.

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And now that winter draweth near
To bring days cold and dreary,
Accept this present, mother dear,
To keep you warm and cheery.

From us, kind parent, we would say,
Our gladness naught can sever,
That, though three score and three to-day,
You seem as young as ever.

And our wish is that you may be
With children's children staying,
Till fourscore years and more you see,
Still loving, watching, praying.

BIRTHDAY REUNION.

Charles Porter Skillings was born at Bangs Island, Portland Harbor, Maine, Aug. 18, 1814. Aug. 18, 1890, two brothers, the only living sister, his oldest son Charles W., together with nieces, nephews, cousins and brothers' wives, a goodly number, met at his home, No. 40 Park Street, to celebrate this 76th anniversary. The day was very pleasantly spent in social conversation and singing, a good dinner and short speeches enjoyed, and the following lines were read to the real satisfaction and joy of all present.

Succeeding days do come and go,
Till weeks and months and years are past,
Thus time unceasingly will flow,
And bring us to the end at last,
Thus just threescore and sixteen times,
This anniversary has come,
So let us say it now in rhymes,
That memory may take it home.

There yet are twelve of us, all told,
But seven have passed on out of sight,
One went to walk the streets of gold
Before some others came to light.
Our thoughts go to our island home
Where each one learned to sail and row,
Its points and coves back to us come,
Its hills where luscious berries grow.

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Old Cellar's Point is at the north,
And at the east White Head is seen,
And people passing back and forth,
Will see two charming coves between.
The southern point the sea doth lave,
The western one is quite a bluff,
The vale between where willows wave,
Is worthy of a poet's puff.

The house where each of us was born,
The barroom where the rum was sold,
The fiddle and the dinner horn,
And alleys where rum patrons rolled.
A kitchen large with table long
Where all of us could sit and dine,
A mother kind, a father strong,
We each were proud to say they 're mine.

The woodhouse, shoeshop, dancing hall,
Combined for business and for sport.
The swing hung under willows tall,
Where girls and boys did oft resort,
The fireplace wide, with crane and hooks,
An oven full of steaming food,
A bookcase and some well used books,
Which proved to each a power for good.

We think of cattle, swine and sheep,
A barn, and various sheds and pens,
The stock, which thrifty farmers keep,
As ducks and geese, turkeys and hens,
Of beef and butter, eggs and milk,
Fat pork and mutton, lambs and wool,
Of girls who might have thought of silk,
But dressed in woolen went to school.

The bathing beach of clean white sand
Descending with a graceful grade,
The boats, and wharf at which we 'd land
When homeward bound our course was laid.

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The hand loom and the spinning wheel,
Made music in the autumn days,
The harvest times made us to feel,
That we were blest in many ways.

Our God has kept us all these years,
E'en when our faith was very small,
His grace has conquered all our fears,
And caused us on His name to call.
And of the five which yet remain,
We four are gathered here to-day,
Hoping that we shall meet again,
We go rejoicing on our way.

TWENTY-FIFTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY OF MR. AND MRS. S. A. SKILLINGS.

1872. MARCH 4. 1897.

How quickly we come through the years,
How rapidly onward we move;
The same if in smiles or in tears,
The same if in hatred or love.

And yet the conditions are different,
As different as day is from night,
For if we have hate it is darkness,
And if we have love it is light.

Now ring the bells, bring in the flowers,
Complete the preparation,
That we may spend some happy hours,
In joyful celebration.

These relatives and friends are here
By special invitation,
And, while partaking of good cheer,
Give true congratulation.

The light of love is shining now,
In all these beaming faces,

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Proving itself, we must allow,
The greatest of the graces.

'T is love that doeth all things well,
In city, state and nation;
It causeth them in peace to dwell,
And brings a new creation.

Just five and twenty years to-day,
This happy couple plighted
The vows which then had come to stay,
And so they were united.

This union brought them two fine boys
As ever yet were given,
And now it lessens not their joys
To know that one 's in heaven.

The other 's here, a manly youth,
On Jesus' blood relying,
An earnest seeker for the truth,
From each temptation flying.

And here and now we hope and pray,
His faith may never falter,
But that in some not far off day,
Will stand at Hymen's altar.

A silver wedding, this, you know,
Yet silver is not wanted,
But love, true love let each bestow
And love by all be chanted.

At this time it would not seem best,
To set up *ipse dixit*,
But let us lovingly suggest,
The better way to fix it.

As we are here a goodly throng,
Let 's tune our silvery voices,
And sing to them true Love's own song,
Till bride and groom rejoices.

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Now let us all sing loud and long,
In giving God the glory,
And so we 'll end this nuptial song,
This silver wedding story.

SIMEON SKILLINGS.

EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY.

The fourth son of a fourth son, thou,
To whom we would all honor bring,
We would place laurels on thy brow
And of thy fame and favor sing.
'T was Preble, Porter, Washington,
And the fourth they called Simeon.

We gather here to celebrate
With joy the eightieth return,
And while we now congratulate,
We find with love our hearts do burn.

For eighty years you 've lived and loved,
Surrounded too, by loving friends,
In all these years you must have proved
That happiness on love depends.

Now eighty springtimes you have seen
The snow and ice all pass away,
The trees put on their foliage green
And earth bring forth its flowers gay.

Yes, eighty summers you have past,
For each a harvest gathered home,
And our hope is that you may last
For many summers yet to come.

You have been blest with a good wife
Who shared your sorrows and your joys,
And added pleasure to your life
By bringing 'round the girls and boys.

And these did number eight in all
But two have reached the shore so fair,

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So we must wait till time shall call
Us one by one to meet them there.

Three boys, three girls are living yet
Who each have children, less or more,
Their number, now we must allow
Does lack but one to make a score.

Three great-grandchildren now you greet
With kind caress and loving smiles,
The joys of life are more complete
As thoughts of them the time beguiles.

Of gunning trips I now will sing
And how you hit ducks on the wing,
You 've bagged enough to load two ships
And many porpoises did bring.

As you have such a pleasant home
And many things which are so good,
I would advise you now to come
And join the Aged Brotherhood.

March 12, 1898.

CONGRATULATIONS.

FOR THE SKILLINGS—HALLETT WEDDING ON NORTH STREET, PORTLAND, JUNE 21, 1899.

(FROM GRANDMA AND GRANDPA SKILLINGS.)

Our hearty thanks to Boardman T.
For kindly invitation,
As present there we may not be,
We send congratulation.

For brides and grooms and every guest
At present there attending,
That each may be supremely blest
Our prayers are now ascending.

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All hail! to this thrice happy throng,
This double nuptial meeting,
May ev'ry joyful strain prolong
An interchange of greeting.

THE WEDDING.

EVERETT. NOVEMBER 27, 1900. ETHEL.

We 're here to-night, dear friends, to see
The nuptials of a Skillings fair;
May richest blessings ever be
Found nestling in his curly hair.

On August third, in seventy-three,
In Portland, Maine, this man was born;
And many returns may he see
Ere from life's book one leaf is torn.

December eighth, of seventy-seven,
This blushing bride first saw the light;
May many rich returns be given,
Each one increasing in delight.

Congratulations for his choice
Of one to be his better half;
Already all his friends rejoice
And all his foes are made to laugh.

A waistcoat, sometimes called a vest,
Or Wescott, as is often done,
Is nice to keep warm round the chest
And tighten ties which bind in one.

So now we see this happy pair
With Love's own knot so tightly tied;
Although the groom is passing fair
Yet still much fairer is the bride.

Ethel Marion is her name,
And she was born in this fair town;

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A faithful teacher she became
And soon will wear the victor's crown.

So these two teachers, standing here,
Are now united heart and hand;
And henceforth hail from Montpelier,
Green Mountain State, in this great land.

Her sons are active in the race
For freedom, in all earthly climes
They strive to shun their sires' disgrace,
Holding their virtues not their crimes.

Vermont is hereby truly blest
In these united hearts and hands;
And may her people stand the test
When tried by those of other lands.

This pair will surely act their part
In teaching them life's end and aim;
And from this sowing may there start
A great reform in Jesus' Name.

'T is He who is God's only Son,
None other name is under heaven
By which the victory is won
And faith and joy to us are given.

ANGIE TO GRANDPA.

We gather here at this glad hour,
To welcome grandpa home,
And our best wishes on him shower,
We are so glad he 's come.

Yes, grandpa 's here, how good it seems
To see his face once more,
So full of smiles it fairly beams,
Just as it did before.

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We missed you greatly, grandpa dear,
While you were far away,
And yet the while we had no fear
That you would long delay.

We would, dear grandpa, one full week
Our note of joy prolong,
But now, as Mabel wants to speak,
I 'll end my little song.

MR. GEORGE A. THOMAS.

BIRTHDAY GREETING.

This year, ninth month and sixteenth day,
Your eighty-first is finished,
And yet, your taste for music true
Is not the least diminished.

That music was ordained to draw
All human hearts together,
Till each shall know Love's potent law,
From which there 's none can sever.

September 16, 1900.

THE TWO SISTERS.

Two sisters to Peaks Island came,
Almira and Elizabeth C.—
And Durgin is the proper name—
The daughters of a famed M. D.

In Lincoln cottage they reside,
Next to Home cottage by the way.
Each in fine flowers take some pride,
And their flower bed is growing gay.

The quiet ways and deeds of love
In which these sisters much abound,
A benediction true has proved
To all the neighborhood around.

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We 're glad to have such people find
That this fair isle is just the place,
Where persons of progressive mind
May live in peace and grow in grace.

We hope that they will buy the lot
Which now most beautiful appears,
Erect thereon a cozy cot
And be near neighbors many years.

MY NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE.

Our meeting-house is on a hill,
O'erlooking Casco Bay,
And there, as some poor sinners will,
We meet to praise and pray.

And as I went year after year
Twice in each week, at night,
I saw within my neighbor's house
A cheerful, pleasant light.

But now it is left all alone,
Just down there by the way,
With doors fasten'd, curtains down,
Seeming as if 't would say,

Where have my precious people gone
And wherefore do they stay?
Was it for something I had done,
That they all went away?

I liked them well, I did my best
To shield them from all harm,
To be a place of quiet rest
While all our loves were warm.

I miss their merry voices, all
Their melodies are mum;
Footsteps do, sometimes, seem to fall
And yet they do not come.

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I hope they may not always stay,
Yet that they will I fear,
But hope they will return some day
And live and love right here.

But if they still leave me behind,
And die in other lands,
May they a better building find,
A house not made with hands.

THE MERRY MAID OF PEAKS ISLAND.

DEDICATED TO ANNA.

Peaks Island has a merry maid,
And all her friends will say it,
If there 's a glad part to be played,
'T is hers to sing and play it.

She 's always in a merry mood,
No mortal could be kinder,
And where she may be doing good,
There you will always find her.

She 's thankful, too, as well as gay,
And God's great love, confessing,
She sings her thankfulness each day,
And knows from whence the blessing.

She has a gracious smile for each,
The poorest is not slighted,
And when she has a class to teach
Her pupils are delighted.

She keenly feels the chastening rod,
But does not harbor sadness,
Her heart is big with love to God,
And full of joy and gladness.

Long live this merry maiden then
To gladden hearts of others,
Till each of all the race of men,
Shall know that all are brothers.

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LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A FRIEND.

Respected friend, I now attend
To thy sincere request,
And may I say some word to-day
That will to thee be blest.

The Word of light is one of might
Its power may we improve:
Till we extend to foe and friend
The same right hand of love.

May words so kind, with Jesus' mind,
To each of us be given.
So shall our peace always increase
And earth will be like heaven.

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,"
Thus let us ever pray,
Till we at length in Jesus' strength
Arrive at perfect day.

BRIEF SUMMER.

A sail down the bay,
A bath at the beach,
And summer 's away
Sped out of our reach.

But autumn is here,
Its harvest will bring
Supply that will cheer
Till it shall be spring.

Then summer will reach
And make a brief stay,
To bathe at the beach,
And sail down the bay.

Let us be thankful
For so many joys,
Live an example
For our girls and boys.

PEAKS ISLAND, September 7, 1896.

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WHITE HEAD

Digitized by Google

WHITE HEAD.

CUSHING'S ISLAND, PORTLAND, ME.

Old White Head is a real good place
To look old Ocean in the face,
Whether he frown or smile.
We see the capes, too, south and east,
On lovely isles the vision feast,
We see the mountains on the main,
Then turn and look seaward again,
And thus the hours beguile.

Toward where sky and water meet
We see the white-winged mackerel fleet,
Some with their foresails down.
The rails are manned, they 're throwing bait,
Some take fish fast while others wait,
Some hoist headsails and make a run,
Guy out again and catch like fun
And think of her new gown.

We see the schooners, sloops and ships,
And steamers making frequent trips
With flags and music gay.
Here come the pogies schooling in,
Sometimes a whale will show his fin,
Sea waves come rolling from the deep
As if to rock mermaids to sleep,
So we prolong our stay.

And now our eyes turn to the west,
There is a cloud with golden crest,
The hills are getting high.
The lighthouse man prepares his light
To guide the seamen through the night,
The hills do rise and hide the sun,
And now we say the day is done,
So old White Head good-bye.

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CAMDEN HILLS.

Now my whole soul with music thrills
  Which prompts this little sonnet,
As I see one of Camden's hills
  With a light cloud resting on it.

June, 1894.

FEBRUARY.

February appears all smiling and bright,
  And yet his demeanor is cool,
He knows very well that old Time in his flight
  Will soon reel him off from his spool.

February 1, 1900.

THE ECLIPSE.

I saw a sight one cold March night,
  I shall not see again very soon;
When the sun in his way essay-ed to play
  A game of bo-peep with the moon.

The clouds were gone, the stars looked on
  As blithe as young lambs in a meadow;
And the sun in his mirth, went behind the earth,
  Baptizing the moon in shadow.

The moon looked sad, the stars looked glad,
  And the earth seemed to be fast asleep,
While the glorious sun was hastening on
  To give the hidden moon a peep.

The moon did peep, earth 'roused from sleep,
  And the sun coming up by the sea,
All the stars grew dim at the sight of him,
  And thus the play ended in glee.

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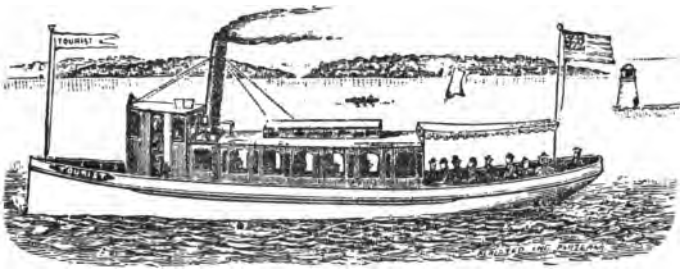

THINGS I LIKE TO SEE AND HEAR.

I like to see the "Minnehaha,"
  Somewhat crowded with the fair,
Gliding o'er the laughing water
  With bright banners in the air.

I like to hear the lively music,
  Wafted by a gentle breeze,
On a lovely summer morning,
  When Nature is inclined to please.

I like to see her gallant captain,
  When she touches at the pier,
Wait upon each lovely fair one,
  So there is no cause to fear.

I like to see the transient dwellers
  Hasting home through thick and thin
With luxuries, to wife and children,
  But not a drop of rum or gin.

I like to see the tiny "Tourist,"
  And her good-natured Cap'n John,
Serve alike him who is poorest
  And the welcome, wealthy Don.

We see in "Minne" and in "Tourist"
  Garments cut t' accord with cloth,
Just the boats to please the million,
  Real pet steamers are they both.

August 18, 1881.

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THE PIE EATERS.

Tune: YANKEE DOODLE.

We went to Cousin Mary Jane's,
My better half and I, sir,
And there she fairly feasted us
Upon Thanksgiving pie, sir.
At first she gave us Portland pie,
Denominated mince, sir,
Which after eating we declared
'T was fit for priest or prince, sir.

Then finding we so pious were,
My dear good wife and I, sir,
She kindly gave us each a piece
Of Massachusetts pie, sir.
That far-fetched pie was very nice,
The crust, the mince, the plums, sir,
And as we ate, it made us think
Of Jackey Horner's thumbs, sir.

She would not treat such special friends,
Except by putting cost on,
And that is why we got the pie,
Her sister sent from Boston.
Our dearest cousin, Mary Jane,
Is adept at pie making,
The same is true of cousin Lou,
By signs there 's no mistaking.

THANKS FOR A PACKAGE OF COFFEE.

A thousand thanks to F. and L.
For Christmas gift so precious;
Its fragrance through the sense of smell
Had power to refresh us.

And when the beverage we take
It suits us to perfection,
New energies within us 'wake
And banished is dejection.

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Accept our thanks—and may we show
While here on earth we 're living,
At least, that we desire to know
The blessedness of giving.

ELECTION DAY.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

Now to the polls let every one,
Of fishermen and seamen,
Show to the world what may be done
By votes of honest freemen.

So when it 's over we may say
'T is just as we expected,
Republicans turned out to-day,
And Garfield is elected.

DECEMBER 31ST.

Farewell to thee, thou good Old Year,
Though thou hast brought us much good cheer,
Yet we would have thee pass with grace,
And to the New Year now give place.

JANUARY 1ST.

All hail to thee! thou New-born Year,
We do rejoice to meet thee here:
Our God we 'll praise and to him pray
While thou and we together stay.

JULY, 1894.

July came through the fogs of June,
Sweetly arriving here on time,
Her heart with summer all atune,
Her face alight with smiles sublime.

JUNE 1ST, 1895.

Sweet June is here for thirty days,
True joy and gladness bringing,
Let us enjoy her while she stays,
And to her praise be singing.

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JUNE 30TH.

Sweet June looking over her shoulder,
All beaming with smiles is her face,
'T is pleasing indeed to behold her,
Departing with elegant grace.

JULY, 1895.

July appeared in fog beveiled,
Which cast a gloom for many miles,
But soon her joyousness prevailed,
The veil removed, revealed her smiles.

This is the month when we extol
Our freedom from the British king,
And when free from King Alcohol
We all with greater joy will sing.

JOYOUS JULY.

July, the seventh month, is come,
And gracious gifts bestowing.
She brings new joys to every home
And keeps the green things growing.

Now ring the bells both loud and long,
Yes, pull them all right over,
And wake the dormant sense of song
In every music lover.

A PROPOSAL.

Said Stephen to Eva,
I am no deceiver,
But a true believer
In the endless life.
Since you seem so clever
Through Christian endeavor,
I want you forever
To be my dear wife.

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FOR A BIRTHDAY.

DEDICATED TO ROBERT FRANKLIN SKILLINGS,
PEAKS ISLAND, MAINE, OCTOBER 31, 1899,

BY

ELIZABETH CONVERSE DURGIN.

We wish you joy and peace to-day, dear friend:
  Lo, fourscore years their benedictions bring;
While just "within the veil" sweet voices blend
  With ours, a happy birthday song to sing.

How fair a month for babe to find our earth!
  How sweet the human love that welcomed him!
While in the shadows waited Woe and Mirth:
  This life was new; its outlook vague and dim.

Great wonders have your many years revealed,
  Such as our fathers saw not in their dreams:
Strange mysteries in wondrous wise unsealed:
  Far-flashing light for feeble candle beams.

The world has smaller grown since, swift and clear,
  The telegraphic message finds its way
E'en neath the mighty waves, till we can hear
  The world's grand history from day to day.

The voice once seemed to die away in air;
  Now it is held in talking phonograph;
In tones familiar hear we sounding there
  Our friend's true words or hearty ringing laugh.

For man and beast this age hath brought felicity;
  Man almost flies; the horse hath partial rest;
Ah, who shall fitly sing of electricity?
  Who tell its marvels far to east and west?

But greater things than these our God hath wrought:
  Back to your childhood's home your memory turns,
Where Mother's voice her holy lessons taught,
  A light was there, that ever glows and burns.

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Your soul has lived by it, and wonder learned
  Of God's great love, and daily sacrifice:
Through grand self-conquest, you have freedom earned.
  And power, as if on pinions strong to rise.

Lest faith should falter, God gave you a wife,
  In whom the Love Divine took earthly form;
Thank God that in these awesome years of life
  She has been light in darkness, peace in storm!

God give you joy and peace to-day;—yea more!
  God give you strength and courage still to be
A preacher of His righteousness, and pour
  Such grace into your lips, that, glad and free,

Your poet-soul shall sing, till you shall stand
  Looking with happy eyes upon the throng
Of kindred spirits in the Heavenly land,—
  The sunrise land of Heavenly work and song.

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OUR HERITAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SKILLINGS FAMILY REUNION, AUGUST 20, 1910, BY EVERETT SKILLINGS.

Tune: FAIR HARVARD.

Once more we assemble 'mid memories dear
On the isle by our fathers long trod.
While we journey along on our pilgrimage here,
They are gathered in peace to their God.

CHORUS.

Then we pledge us, their kindred, in deed and in thought
To cherish their memory true.
In the fight that they fought, in the work that they wrought
We will treasure our heritage, too.

They showed by their lives as clear beacons of light,
That man liveth by bread not alone;
That we do what our hands find to do, with our might,
For the welfare of country and home. — CHORUS.

Now we turn with glad hearts from our cares and our toil,
To make fellowship sweet and good cheer;
May our footsteps return to this ancestral soil
As this festal day comes year by year. — CHORUS.

E'en so in our midst and with those who shall be
Will their name and their fame ever move.
Through the gleam of the years shall we evermore see,
As they beckon to faith, hope and love. — CHORUS.

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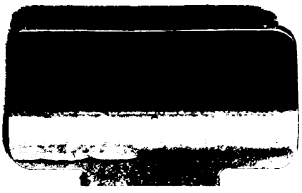

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